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The poor Jewish Muse! she must roam o'er the earth  
Amid Jewish refuse, and rubbish, and ashes,  
And slippers, and old hooded mantles and sashes,  
And things that had never a halfpenny's worth.

Where people have prospered, and hard are the heads,  
The hearts too, in danger of blows and of curses,  
Deserted and nameless still onward she treads,  
And bears on her shoulder a bundle of verses.

### SIMCHAS-TORAH.

*(The Rejoicing of the Law.)*

"SIMCHAS-TORAH! skip and hop  
On your feet till down you drop!  
In your mouth a merry jest—  
And a burden in your breast!"

*(Old song.)*

So frisky and fit,  
At table we sit,  
We eat what we choose,  
We drink and are gay.  
Sing, brother Jews,  
Be merry to-day!  
Cup after cup,  
Drink it all up!  
No need to fear,  
Lift up your voice,  
To-day we rejoice—  
Sing, brothers dear!

Alas, Jewish singing!  
And alas, Jewish gladness!  
What means it, O tell me,  
And whence is the sadness  
That weighs on my heart when I hear?  
I hang down my head  
Like a child that is chidden,

And oft, ere I know it,  
Uncalled for, unbidden,  
Falls, bitter and burning,  
A tear!  
Not always with sorrow  
Our hopes were requited,  
And often the sunshine  
Has brightened our way:  
We once were a nation  
Both strong and united,  
And yet, O my brothers,  
And yet to this day,  
We keep not one feast-day,  
But still doth remind us  
Of swords that lie shivered  
And broken behind us,  
And old, tattered banners,  
Now useless and furled;  
Of all our dead heroes,  
Our great ones who perished,  
The altars forgotten,  
The ruins uncherished  
And scattered abroad o'er the world.  
No song that contains but  
Two words of rejoicing,  
In which we discern not,  
The jesting below,  
An echo of laughter,  
Of false, bitter laughter,  
A cry half-despairing  
Of shame and of woe! . . . . .

O great and happy feast-day, Simchas-Torah!  
High above our head still your bright star flashes.  
To win such a feast-day, one such feast-day,  
Ten spend we fasting in sackcloth and ashes! . . . . .